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INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1890-SIXTEEN PAGES.

DANCING SUNBEAMS

It is getting decidedly warmer. Whatever political disagreements may exist in the community, we can all agree upon that. All who have seen our FINE CLOTHING this season agree that we

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YOUNG MEN, from 14 to 18 years old, we wish to talk to those of you who have been getting your clothes made to order. Don't do so any longer. This season we can show you Suits cut, made and trimmed as nicely as your tailor would do it for you. We call attention to our SACKS and FROCKS from \$6 to \$15. Wonderfully good are they! Take a look at our \$15 CUTAWAYS, in Black and Blue wide-wale Worsteds. They are specially choice.

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL Will soon begin the publication of a

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To be written by about a score of the Leading Humorists of the country. It will not be the monotonous work of

one pen, but will represent the best efforts of the most successful "funny men" of the American press, and in Variety, Freshness and Quality will be the most unique and interesting comic column published by any

Among those secured as contributors are: ALEX. E. SWEET, of Texas Siftings, whose reputation, both in this country and in Europe, has brought him a fortune.

SAM T. CLOVER, who made the Dakota Bell known to fame, and whose brilliant fusillade of verse now appearing on the editorial page of the Chicago Herald is not excelled by any

S. W. POSS, the genius of the Yankee Blade, whose delightful dialect poems are the best of their kind, and are copied and recopied into every paper in the country.

POLK SWAIPS, "whose versatility and originality have made half a dozen reputations." SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, the author of "Cap and Bells," whose comic muse is aptly described as a "delicate Ariel-a tricksey Puck, that strikes one across the eyes with a branch of dew-wet blossoms, and laughs from under clustering curls at the little start one gives in recognition of its surprise and sweetness."

J. A. MACON, of Puck, who made an enviable name as a contributor to the Century's "Bric-a-Brac," and who is one of the few writers who understand and can interpret the humor of the Southern negro.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES, who enjoys the reputation of being the leading comic verse writer of her sex in this country. BESSIE CHANDLER, whose charming vers de societe in the Century, Life and other publi-

cations has created a wide demand for her EVA WILDER McGLASSON, who is rapidly coming to the front as one of the few women

who can write good humor. W. J. LAMPTON, "Judge Waxem," who made the Washington Critic quotable, and who is now doing the same thing for the Washington Star.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, who supplies the fun for Harper's Bazar, the Epoch, etc. PAUL FASTNOR, the well-known comedian of the Burlington Free Press.

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MRS. HARRY FOWLER, Second Floor. Rooms 1, 2, 7, 8. WANTED-Good Cutter at THE BAZAAR, 51 West Washington street.

TWO STARS OF THE PULPIT

Both Are Earnest and Eloqueut in Their Preaching, and They Are Muscular.

Both Are Presbyterians and Their Teachings Are Liberal-Characteristics of Rev. John R. Paxton and Rev W. M. Smith.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, May 10.-Two preachers in this metropolis are towering above all the other clergy at present. One of them has occupied a front rank for some years. The other is comparatively new, but leaped to the front in a few strides. They are both Presbyterians, but Presbyterians of the moreliberal stripe. Neither of them agrees with Calvin concerning infant damnation, and it is doubtful whether either of them would deny a man another chance beyond the grave. Their liberality, however, does not constitute the sole reason for their popularity. They are eloquent, earnest, hard working, and they are essentially muscular Christians.

John R. Paxton came here from Washington nearly a decade ago. He made a big hit among the statesmen before he tackled the millionaires. James G. Blaine and Stephen B. Elkins were among his constant attendants at the national capital. Before he went to Washington Dr. Paxton was the pastor of Simon and Don Cameron, at Harrisburg, Pa. He officiated at the marriage that united Virginia Cameron, eldest daughter of Senator Don Cameron, and William H. Bradley, the senior son of Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court. Paxton began his ministerial career in a small church up in the Cumberland valley. He graduated from Washington University not long after Matthew Stanley Quay took his sheepskin from that institution. He was in the civil war, and was, according to his version, a hard boy. was, according to his version, a hard boy. He changed his course in life on the battle-field. He changed places with a comrade during the fight at Gettysburg, and the next moment his coinrade was shot dead by a sharp-shooter. It was a close call for young Paxton. He conveyed the news of his companion's death to the mother of his friend, and her touching words, uttered in the midst of her supreme sorrow, altered the trend of his career. From the battle-field Paxton went to the seminary, and began the life that has made him so prominent.

It is a beautiful church that John R. Paxton is the pastor of. It is on Fortysecond street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. The West Presbyterian Church is its title. More money is represented in its pews than in any other congregation in America. The mere fact that Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Henry M. Flagler and Heber R. Bishop go there proves this statement. Gould and Sage sit on opposite sides of the main aisle and only a few yards apart. Flagler is near Sage, and Bishop sits directly hehind Gould. S. C. T. Dodd, the solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, occupies a modest pew near the door on the same aisle. The church is crowded every Sunday. The singing surpasses that of same aisle. The church is crowded every Sunday. The singing surpasses that of any church in New York, and the quartet that furnishes the music is better paid than any choir in the world. The galleries are full of young men. Paxton is a youthful favorite. He preaches, just as he used to fight, straight from the shoulder. He is manliness personitied. There doesn't seem to be a bigoted bone in his body. He never stops to fit his remarks to any set of doctrines. He is eminently practical, and consequently eminently successful. When communion occasions arrive he invites all who love the Lord to commune, whether they are on any church roll or not. John Paxton never shirks hard work. He is not continually asking for vacations. When his only daughter accidently hung herself, a few years ago, by getting her neck fast in the health apparatus she was exercising with, he only remained out of his pulpit two weeks, although he was almost heartbroken. His study is the resort of scores broken. His study is the resort of scores of young men. The pastor is the most genial of companions. There is a cigar, an east chair and a good war story for every masculine caller. He is a famous angler and a mighty good shot. When he came to New York it was stated that he was sensational and would only draw well for a short time. On the contrary, his popularity is ever on the increase, and he is one of the metropolitan favorites in all walks of life. He is chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, and the most satisfactory the regiment ever had. He lives well, draws a big salary, and does a pile of good. Yet he is modest withal. Despite thousands of requests, he refuses to have his sermons published either in book form or in periodicals, although he writes his discourses out carefully. He detests the Talmage method of making all the money possible out of a successful ministry. His heart is in his church and his work incidental thereto, and he has no time for outside financial enterprises. It is an open secret that he has positively declined to avail himself of splendid offers for money-making extended him by Gould and Sage. Paxton is a great believer in exercise and gymnastics. He has a private gymnasium in his residence and loves horseback riding. He is also said to handle the billiard cue successfully and bowl a ball that makes strikes and "spares" nearly every time it goes down the alley.

Wilton Merle Smith is nearly fifteen years younger than Paxton. He is pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, up on Fiftyseventh street. He came from Cleveland to New York, after making a remarkably successful record in the former city. Smith became famous away back in the seventies, when he was in Princeton College. He was pitcher of the base-ball team of Princeton and threw a curved ball that very few bats, men could hit, But his love for athletics never interfered with his love for religion. never interfered with his love for religion.
From Princeton he went to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y., and ran bases and pitched curves while becoming familiar with Calvin's "Institutes" and Hodge's "Systematic Theology." During vacations he preached in Thomas K. Beecher's church, at Elmira, where Smith's parents resided. He preached on the Sabbath and captained a ball nine during the week, and made his mark in both lines. He became known as the pitcher-preacher, and the title has stuck to him ever since. He had a small pastorate or two before going to Cleveland. Three churches of influence here in New York were after him at once, but the Central Presbyterian Church captured him. He Presbyterian Church captured him. He wasn't here a mouth before he filled every pew in the big church over which he officiated. In a year's time his name has leaped ahead of that of clergymen who have labered hard in various metropolitan vineyards for years. His greatest hit since he came was in securing ex-President Cleveland and his wife as constant attendants. The ex-President has taken a pew, and Mrs. Cleveland has united with the regular membership. Mr. Cleveland is quoted as saying that he considers Smith the finest preacher and the most practical "Billy" Smith, as the boys all used to call him in college, and as his classmates call

him yet, is only thirty-four years old. He looks like a boy. He is of medium height and stalwart build. He wears a slight mustache that alone relieves the decided ly boyish appearance of his face. He was made a doctor of divinity by the trustees of Princeton last summer. He is full of muscle and the nervous energy that comes from perfect health. He preaches as though he meant every word he said. He is liberal almost to the Presbyterian limit of liberalism, and is on record as saying that he heard Robert Ingersoll one Sunday night, in Cleveland, and that the great infidel's arguments against Calvinism were practically unanswerable. He is for the revision of the Westminster Confession in the most radical manner. Dr Smith loves athletics as much as ever, and never evinces more enthusiasm than when the cultivation of the physique is under discussion. His speech at the Princeton alumni dinner,

at the Equitable Building, a few months ago, aroused tremendous applause, and his entire speech on that occasion led Chauncey M. Depew to remark that it was one of the finest after-dinner addresses he ever listened to. It isn't often that Depew renders a compliment of that sort. Smith is a married man, having wedded the daughter of Captain Van Santvoord, who owns the day line of steamers between New York and Albany.

LAWRENCE S. MOTT.

A MOUNTAIN SCHOOL. Primitive Manner in Which the Young Idea Is Trained in Tennessee.

Special Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal COKER CREEK, Tenn., May 10 .- The school-house, where "meetin' " is also held is very small, built of rough logs, the chinks in the wall being daubed with the red clay peculiar to this section. Rough benches, with an elevated platform and split-bottom "cheer" for the teacher com pleted the articles of school furniture. As we approached the little log-house, a head appeared at the door and the owner drawled, "Ye hare, skule time!" The group of children thus addressed were too much occupied gazing at us to hear or at least to heed the summons. However, when they saw that we were about to enter the house, they concluded that they would have a better chance inside, and al made a grand rush for the door, calling for the "little chaps over thar to come on."
They arranged themselves on the high benches without desks, the poor "little chaps" dangling their legs, and holding each other on as though their very lives depended on fastening themselves to the benches. The teacher apparently was not aware of our presence, not even glancing aware of our presence, not even glancing toward us, so we found seats for ourselves. Scarcely a sound broke the stupid stillness, the pupils appeared almost life-

less and settled themselves re-signedly as martyrs who feel that their slaughter is inevitable, and it will be their slaughter is inevitable, and it will be as easy to die now as any time. The trainer of the "young idea" sat in his seat of dignity gazing. I know not whither. His long, lean, lank form was clad in the most extraordinary linen-duster, buttoned from chin to brogan. His straight, yellow hair hung in a thick mass over a very limp collar, and a red cotton handkerchief, arranged in cravat fashion, gave picturesque prominence to his sleepy eyes, open mouth and sun-burned face.

There was one blackboard in the room, and that was almost covered by this inscription:

RASE YOUR RITE HAND WHEN YOU WANT

TO TALK YOUR LEFT WHEN YOU WANT TO The teacher sat silent for some time, then, without changing his position or altering a muscle of his face, the master said: "First spellin'-class." At that all the larger pupils rushed to the platform, and, after much crowding and pushing, during which the smaller ones seemed to be having the smaller ones seemed to be having the worst of it, managed to get into a line before the holder of the "spellin'-book," who began to shoot out the big words, which were spelled and pronounced by sylables. More than one lucklessyoungster was turned down for not getting all the syllables in. After many words of tremendous length had been encountered, some successfully, more otherwise, at a grunt from the teacher the entire line "broke" and then ensued a grand rush for seats.

er the entire line "broke" and then ensued a grand rush for seats.

Next the "second spellin" was called; this was followed by the a-b ab class. As the spellers decreased in size their voices became shriller, and the "sing-song" manner of reciting more noticeable. Finally came the a, b, c class. Three tiny girls stood in fear and trembling before an authoritative fore-finger, long and bony, their eyes followed its progress up an down the page, while their little voices, pitched to a high key, kept up the dreary, monotonous repetition of the alphabet. More sternly than he had yet spoken their persecutor commanded, "Same to-morrow." The little faces were a look of intense relief as they turned seatward, and there was an immeturned seatward, and there was an immediate scramble for the door, the entire school evidently regarding their master's last words as the signal for dispersion.

Few books were seen in this school except the spellers, the youngest children using the same kind as their elder brothers and sisters. There were no writing materials of any kind visible excepting a very few old-fashioned slates of the smallest size. When asked if they studied nothing but spelling, some of the girls said sometimes they had "readin" and "figurin" After the scholars had disappeared the teacher became quite talkative, and, picking up a spelling-book, said, "Now, this is about the only book we use in our skule. It was writ by Dan'l Webster. He was a master

SARA TREBLOC. BEAT THE SLOT MACHINE.

A Louisville Genius Who "Worked" It for Twenty-Nine Cigars with One Nickel.

Louisville Courier-Journal. A complicated case was brought into Central police station yesterday afternoon. It was that of a man who had succeeded in beating a "drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot" box, on the corner of Third and Jefferson streets. The man who was able to perform this feat was John Lewis, and he is said to have made a thorough study of the subject before risking his nickel. He first bored a hole in the coin and then fastened to it a small black silk thread. He then dropped the nickel in the slot as directed by the sign

seeing that nothing was stated in the directions as to how many times one nickel could be dropped in, he drew his nickel out and dropped it in again. Succeeding the second time, he continued to drop and continued to draw until he had emptied the box. By the time he had drawn the twenty-ninth eigar quite a crowd had gathered around him and cheered him on. Their cries attracted officers Schradel and Donahue, who arrested Lewis and took him from the circle in which he had become a hero, At the station-house the question arose as to what he should be charged with. After several suggestions of robbery, burglary, it was decided to place against him disorderly conduct. He was taken out on bond a little later by some of those whose cries had attracted the police.

Woman and Her Dog.

Writer in Philadelphia Inquirer. Calling on a lady friend a few days since I found seated upon a Turkish rug before the glowing grate a miserable looking beast bundled up in an embroidered flannel cover exquisite enough for the heir to a million, and, shades of Cæsar! upon his shaggy top knot perched in the drollest manner a pointed cap. This gave the poor creature such an altogether comical air that I inconsiderately gave vent to a hearty laugh, which did not seem to please madame at all. Evidently to her this case of la grippe was a very serious affair. For one mortal hour I was treated to an elaborate dissertation upon the joys and sorrows of this small nuisance. I wondered as I listened how it was that a woman as bright and intelligent as my friend could not find in this work-a-day world something of more vital importance upon which to lavish time and money than this wretched little animal.

After That the Collapse.

The United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia has a capital of \$5,000,000 and a surplus of like amount. It is now preparing to sell itself out to the (prospective) American Gas Investment Company. which will have a modest capital of \$50,-000,000, half to be offered in this country and half in England. When this capital is subscribed, the first \$10,000,000 will be promptly paid to the United Gas Improvement Company. After that the particulars are not so clearly outlined in the dispatch which brings the above news.

Mrs. Thurber's Scheme.

Washington Special. Washington Special.

There is great interest here in Mrs.

Jeannette M. Thurber's last musical movement. She has a project on hand for the founding of a memorial music hall at Washington, and it is her intention to make it similar to the institutions of the kind in Europe. She has the co-operation in her plan of many leading citizens of New York and other cities, who are impressed with the importance of such a building in this city. this city.

THE IRISH PEASANT WOMEN

They Have Six Days' Slavery, Only to Wear Shoes to Go to Mass on Sunday.

Little Diversions in Church Which Often Enliven the Services—How Sunday Is Spent in Ireland—How a Lesson Is Given.

The Irish peasant woman-I allude to the laboring class—is, as a rule, an almost fixes one, distinctly respectable, both in mind and conduct. While still a little slip of a girl, say thirteen or fourteen, she begins life-that is, work. She is then drafted from her mother's cabin into the house of the nearest farmer, there to learn how to milk cows, clean pans for the dairy, feed pigs, see to the poultry and the eggs, boil potatoes, cabbage and bacon, and learn besides to wash and dress the "gossoons" (little boys) and the "colleens" (little girls) of the family, and, in fact, do all that had to be done in the house, helped, of course, by the mistress, the farmer's wife, who works as hard as her maid. For this our little enterer into life receives but poor wages, or, perhaps, no wages at all for the first year, her keep, and houseroom, and permission to learn being accounted equivalent to

manded, and with justice, too. Bare-footed, and with the short blueflannel skirt (that they weave themselves with a small hand-loom, and that reaches barely up to the knee at first, and become considerably above it as youth asserts itself and the inches grow), our little heroine scrambles through a long day's work-in a slipshod fashion at first, no doubt, and with many an angry word from the mis tress, and often an indignant push.

a salary. Of late years, however, the lat-

ter arrangement has fallen through, the

salary, however small, being always de-

But time rounds all things, even the hardest pebble, and after a while the small, insignificant creature becomes some-body—"the girl." At first she was only Biddy, or Kitty, or Maggie; now she is "the girl"—a great distinction. All through the week she labors cheerfully, merrily, with a jest for every one and a sweet word always

And now comes Sunday, that blessed day of rest, without which surely the world of toil could not have lasted. In its institution lies an infallible proof, to my mind, of the divinity that shapes all our ends, that rules the earth, and reduces the sea to its limits, and guards and regulates each move ment of each pigmy who struts his little hour upon our human stage. Well, this Sunday is the one recreation of the poor, both in town and country. But with the

country only am I dealing now.

Our little heroine, with the first streak of dawn, rises, flings aside the toil-worn garments she has worn during the past week and will wear for so many weeks again, and dons a new skirt, of the same texture and hue, however, and (this is the crowning glory of her toilette) encases her feet, that glory of her toilette) encases her feet, that for six long days have run uncovered, in stockings and laced shoes. To appear in chapel without shoes and stockings would be indeed a disgrace. One must save, starve, scrimp to go decent to mass on Sunday. And surely there is much to be admired in this regard for decency, this determination to appear in one's best bib and tucker on the Lord's day, to do honor to Him.

And now arrayed in Sabbath clothes, away to the parish chapel—a bare, bald editice about three miles from every farmstead, being situated close to the little village that hangs over the sea. A picturesque spot, dear to me for a thousand reasons, spot, dear to me for a thousand reasons, that I was born there among others. Up over the trees of the school-house rises the spire of the church, an ancient cathedral dedicated to some old Irish saint whose name was St. Faughnan, and whose image carved in stone is sunk in the wall beneath the belfry. The crows caw all day long in the school-house trees, and the two bells, charal and church commingle as the Protestal chapel and church, commingle as the Protestants and the Roman Catholics all stream down from the hills that adorn the little seaside town on all sides to their several places of worship.

Our little heroine, now a pretty "colleen bawn" of sixteen, makes her way, accom-panied by throngs of friends, all Roman Catholics, to the chapel, there to hear Father Jerry, or Father Michael, or Father John, as the case may be, mumble through the Latin prayers that not one member she kneels, she sits, she glances round her, she works through her "beads" most systematically and earnestly, and having done her duty rises to go out into the church-yard, where, having before service sprinkled herself with the holy water in the stone outside, she now feels herself free to receive the attentions of the "boys" who receive the attentions of the "boys," who, if she is pretty, as many of the peasants are, will surround her and pay her extrava-

At times, however, the service within does not end thus tamely. A great "divarsion" occurs that fills all hearts with a delightful expectation. As, for example, when the priest is known to be about to denounce from the high altar some culprit among his flock. The unlucky or guilty one has during the week forgotten to pay his "dues"-money collected from the parishioners, according to the amounts of their several incomes, which, with fees in wed-dings and funerals, make up the priest's stipend—or else has defrauded his neigh-bor, or stolen something he is determined not to return, or otherwise broken the law. Breathless is the excitement as the priest

arrives at the point when his denunciation may be expected and cold grow the hearts of the culprit's friends and relatives. The culprit himself has, generally, a bad cold or a headache on these occasions and is confined to his own house or cabin. This fact however, does not stay the priest's wrath. He well knows that every word he utters will be carried home to the criminal by his neighbors and will rankle there until remorse and the fear that his spir tual pastor and master will refuse to attend his death-bed when the last hour arrives, drives him to make confession and pay what is stolen After this delightful excitement our

colleen will probably wend her way to the place where the nearest "Pattern" is taking place. This spot will be named "The Cross," or "Sam's Cross," or "Fitzgerald's Cross," or any other "cross," according to the traditions of the neighborhood where it stands. It means a square spot where four roads meet, and the "pattern" means simply a "dance." Here all the young people meet on a Sunday or a holiday, and, a circle being formed by the onlookers, trip it to and fro upon the hard and dusty road with all the determination and twice the gusto that one may see in a polished and fashionable ball-room.

Of late years this custom, that was very pretty, and harmless, and innocent, is dying out; but I remember my father telling me of a very celebrated old peasant (Flaherty was his name) who was master of this ceremony for miles round; who used to attend every pattern to direct the proceed-ings, and who on week-days was what might be called the dancing-master of the entire district. All odd hours, minutes, moments even, he was attacked on all sides by men and maidens filled with a laudable desire to emulate Terpsichore. His method of teaching was a novel one, and as it may be of use to modern and fashionable teachers I give it here:

It was simple as it was elegant and effica-cious. Round the right blue-stockinged leg of his male pupil he would bind a small leg of his male pupil he would bind a small rope, made of hay, and then commence operations. He would first tune up the bag-pipes be invariably carried under his arm, and then bid his pupil step forward. The first notes of a jig were played; the pupil, filled with arder on hearing the beloved pipes, would begin a grand and no doubt picturesque war-dance, all his own, but he is stopped by a stern reprimand from Flaherty. No; he must conform to rules.

"Now, thin, me boy," savs Mr. Flaherty, "ye'll do as I bid ye, or I'll be off to Kitty Mahoney's house, who's dead bate for the want o' me this minnit, an' the patthern to be at her cross next Sunday. Whin I play

the fifth note ye'll rise upon 'sougaun' (hay rope) an' at the seventh ye'll sink upon 'gad:' and now begin, an' to the divil wid ye if ye can't do it before one half hour is

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

And now the screech of the pipes begins.
The famous "Rakes o' Mallow" is in full swing, but above and over all sounds the voice of Misther Flaherty yelling at his

voice of Misther Flaherty yelling at his pupil:

"Rise upon sougaun, sink upon gad."

"Och, murdher, was there iver sich a fool!

"Tis throwin' away me talent upon ye I am. Arrah, look at him, Mrs. Moloney, I ask ye now, an' tell me can he be the son of a clever woman like you? 'Rise upon sougaun, sink upon gad.' Well, there, I'm off now, and fegs maybe ye'll be as good as the rest of 'em some day."

The meaning of "gad" I have never been

The meaning of "gad" I have never been able to discover; no doubt, however, it had its meaning in Flaherty's time.

Well, you must make a picture for yourself of our Irish peasant feeting it gayly to and fro on the hard road with her partner opposite to her, and a little crowd surrounding them, making a ring, as it were a crowd consisting of men and women for the small part, and of pretty, sturdy urchins, male and female, for the great—such handsome, healthy little beings, rosycheeked and bright-eyed, the outcome and the carrying on of the "foinest pisantry in the world;" and often, driving past them, have I wished that my own children, carefully nourished and fed on beef tea and chicken broth, could look like these cozycomes, running about half naked and with. opposite to her, and a little crowd surrogues, running about half naked and with nothing in their pretty, round little

stomachs, save stirabout (a coarse porridge)

However, to get back to our heroine. When she has learned all she can from her

and boiled potatoes.

When she has learned all she can from her first mistress—the farmer's wife—that is, how to boil and wash, and how not to break plates and dishes, her mother instantly looks round her to find a place for her in some gentleman's family, where the wages will be higher and the work less.

It sounds terribly ungrateful. The farmer's wife has had all the trouble of breaking in that little, wild and ignorant specimen of humanity, and when the latter has absorbed all that she can learn, and when her mistress has become accustomed to her and might reasonably be supposed to ex-

her mistress has become accustomed to her and might reasonably be supposed to expect some comfort from her, the girl calmly gives her warning, and, aided and abetted by her mother, leaves her "to better herself." So the poor farmer's wife is left to commence all over again—to take in another girl, who will undoubtedly take her in inthe same manner a little later on. It is, in fact, a general "merry-go-round," and, being expected on both sides, is seldom resented by the farmer's wife.

The landlord's house is the one chosen by the girl's mother for her next venture, if by any chance an opening there presents itself—"the big house," as the tenants usually call it. Here our herome begins as kitchen maid, grows (if she proves a good girl) to under housemaid, from that in process of time to upper housemaid or parlor maid, or perhaps is given over to the youngs ladies of the family if she proves handy with her needle and develops a good appearance.

Roman Catholic in its religion as it is to its heart's core, still it is remarkable that the Irish peasant woman will prefer taking service with a Protestant family, however poor, than with one of her own religion. Deeply rooted as undoubtedly is the dislike to protestantism, the young girls will take less wages from a Protestant than from a Romanist, and, as a rule, make good and faithful servants, if a little careless at times and requiring always the eve of the

and faithful servants, if a little careless at times and requiring always the eye of the mistress to keep them going.

As a rule, however, this servitude endures but a short time. The laborer's daughter, happier than the daughter born in the grade above her—namely the farming class—can marry as fancy dictates, and long before youth has ceased to be a joy she generally meets her mate, a stalwart laborer, in all probability, on the landlord's farm, and marries him. She leaves her comfortable quarters as housemaid to be mistress and wife, and, as "Artemus Ward" would have it, a very "numerous mother" would have it, a very "numerous mother" in a small, comfortless cabin—there, indeed, to rule supreme, if that is any amelioration of the discomfort that awaits her to her life's end. If the Irish peasant woman, however, marries into absolute poverty, she has assuredly such compensations as accrue from a good and faithful husband and a quiver full of these small creatures who make life blessed to the wedded. THE DUCHESS.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF BEAUTY. Good Looks a Rich Endowment for Women Who Can Make Merchandise of Thems

Mrs. Langtry's beauty was an endow-ment worth about \$1,000,000. As a business venture she has paid interest at 6 per cent. on \$2,000,000, but then she has off years, on \$2,000,000, but then she has on years, such as the one three seasons ago, when she dyed her hair, and this year, when she is harassed in a grim, malignant and rasping way by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, Ouida and George Eliot combined. In view of this, why sneer at beauty on the stage? It makes the world wabble always on its beaten track, and casts a blush over the face of the moon. Had Mrs. Brown-Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been

A vivid idea of the commercial value of beauty may be had when one considers the beauty may be had when one considers the cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is, she is undoubtedly the most capable and artistic actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a higher plane than nature had first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a commanding position in the first stock company in the country; but whereas a statuesque and wooden Langtry makes £60,000 or £70,000 a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum. Theater-goers, according to dramatic ex-

quoted in seven figures.

Theater-goers, according to dramatic experts, are growing weary of the older pro-fessional beauties. Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not grow so, but were forced to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads and the renunciation of half the good things of life.

He Was Lonesome. Detroit Free Press.

A lonesome-looking young man was mak-ing inquiries about trains going West, at the Third-street depot yesterday morning, when officer Button queired:
"Have you got tired of Detroit so soon! I think you only came in yesterday."
"Yes; only came in yesterday, but you see
the combination busted on me."

"Well, I came in to marry a girl and at-tend the exhibition at the same time. Had

a combine, you know."

"I see. And what happened?"

"Found the girl married to a horse-shoer, and when I went to see about it he put two shoes on me. They were both his shoes.

Man who has lost his girl, and been kicked to boot, doesn't want any fairy bowers in his, does he?"

"That's what I say, and I'm going home to get drunk on eider three years old, and tear down ten acres of rail fencing before I

Mr. Gladstone's Books. London Letter in Chicago News.

I was asking the venerable book-seller, E W. Stibbs, who was the most indefatigable reader of books in London, and he answered: "William E. Gladstone, unques

tionably. Everything that comes to his net is fish. He is the biggest book-buyer we have—not that he indulges in rare and costly books, but that he keeps himself fully informed of everything in current literature. As soon as a new book appears he buys it—no matter whether it be a novel, or a history, or a philosophical treatise. He is not a rich man, yet he spends large sums of money for books; his library must be a large and curious one."